

The Sunday Sentinel

In the largest and best newspaper published in Indiana,
CONTAINING 104 COLUMNS.
Free from Partisan Politics and Sectarian Bias.

On all subjects of public interest it expresses its opinions according to its best judgment, with a view only of promoting the

BEST INTEREST OF SOCIETY.

It contains the cream of the news from quarters down to 4 o'clock Sunday morning, excluding only that which is purporting to be sensational. In few words, the SUNDAY SENTINEL is devoted to that class of news, literary and miscellaneous, proper and necessary to make it what it is.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE, specially adapted to the home.

The SUNDAY SENTINEL'S influence will be given in aid of the Elevation and Advancement of Woman to the true position which is hers by virtue of natural justice.

Price, \$2 per year; twenty cents per month, delivered by carrier; five cents per copy.

The Sentinel.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

SUNDAY, MAY 3.

OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S PAPER.

FIRST PAGE.—Latest Telegram news.

SECOND PAGE.—Amusements, Musical Events, etc. Chicago Speculative Markets. Washington Letter, including pictures of Miss Bayard, Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Endicott. Curious, Useful and Scientific.

THIRD PAGE.—Woman's World. Fashion as it Flies. The City of Many Nations.

FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial. Rob Roy Letter, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Local News. Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Social Life, Local News, Markets, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Wit and Pleasantry. Varieties. Young Folks' Department. Social Gossip. Gotham Gossip.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Local and Advertisements.

NINTH PAGE.—Reindeer Hunting. A Street Car Mule. Kissing Shadows.

TENTH PAGE.—Chapter 8th of Road's new story, "Love or Money." Evidence of Civilization, etc.

ELEVENTH PAGE.—Woman and Home. Theatrical War, etc.

TWELFTH PAGE.—The Colored Race in the South by Rob Roy. Jefferson's Religion. John Randolph's Dog.

THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Talmage's Last Sermon.

FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miss Priscilla—a story from All the Year Round.

FIFTEENTH PAGE.—How to Keep Young. Dainty Housekeeping, by Gertrude Graham. The Colonel's Rebuke, etc.

SIXTEENTH PAGE.—Sunday-School Lesson and Knotty Problems.

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent by the Chicagoans for flowers during the recent opera season.

CHINA fosters the spirit for planting trees; 33,000 trees were planted in Hong Kong alone last year.

SIXTY EIGHT wholesale liquor dealers in Nashville, Tennessee, are church members. There are only eighty-one in that business in the city.

A GEORGIA farmer has been studying aerial navigation for thirty years, and he thinks he has solved the problem by inventing a ship that will sail in the air. He says he lacks now only the means to get the proper sort of material to make his vessel.

THE Sentinel's city editor has made the acquaintance of a wise specimen of the male persuasion, his interview with whom—or which—appears on the ninth page of to-day's paper. The colloquy discloses that the mule is a good deal of a philosopher.

FROM the word "incomprehensibility," a Connecticut woman has made a list of 2,248 different words. This is about as valuable an achievement as making a quiz containing 10,000 pieces. The Connecticut woman, it is safe to wager, is not an advocate of woman suffrage. She wouldn't have time to go to the polls.

A MORE the valued publications of a religious character received by the Sentinel is the weekly print from the Unity Pulpit, Boston, of the sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage. Though yet a young man Mr. Savage is one of the profound thinkers of the Church, and is gifted with an eloquence of diction, rendering his sermons as attractive as they are impressive.

IT is wonderful to what ocean depths skillful divers are enabled to penetrate. As long ago as 1856 E. P. Harrington, of Westfield, N. Y., went down 170 feet and recovered the iron scale of the steamer Atlantic, sunk in Lake Erie the year before. He was dressed in a common diver's suit, and remained down eleven minutes. A recent French invention enables men to descend over 300 feet.

THE oldest known bank note in the world is in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg. It bears a date equivalent to 1399 B. C., and was called in its day "flying money." It has the name of the Imperial Bank, the signature of a mandarin and a list of the penalties inflicted for forgery of notes. This relic of 4,000 years ago is probably written, for printing from wooden tablets is said to have been introduced in the year 169 A. D.

"FATHER QUINN," so Eric, Esq., printer, was employed in the London Times office when Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, now nearly fifty years ago. He helped to set up the account of her coronation. It is estimated that in his life he has set nearly 100 tons of type. In setting type the average distance the hand travels is eighteen inches. Consequently his hand has traveled 67,727 miles, or within a hundred feet of being four times the circumference of the earth.

In an editorial discussion on the "shorter-hour agitation," one esteemed home contemporary, the Signal, says: "Long hours have the effect of creating class distinctions. The family of the laborer thus employed has no time for the civilities of life,

as its time is taken up with the meat and bread question. Those who are not compelled to go out in the world and toil from week to week for subsistence and shelter have plenty of time for education and culture. They have time to dress, eat, sleep, socialize and be gracious. On the other hand, those who have to work continually for a living are not blessed with sufficient time in which to consecrate themselves to the pursuits of education and culture, and can not, therefore, as a rule, enjoy the interminglings of social life."

"COMMODORE" GARRISON.

Commodore Garrison who died in New York last Friday, was worth from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. The Commodore's title was given him in St. Louis, whither he removed from Canada, and became largely interested in matters connected with the navigation of the Mississippi River. His position as Captain on a boat led to his being called "Commodore."

From a sketch of his life found in the Courier-Journal we gather many interesting points. The finding of gold in California led to his removal to Panama, where he did a large business as banker. Being offered the agency of the Nicaragua Steamship Line he accepted it, and removed to San Francisco. From the year 1853 to 1859 he displayed astonishing business ability. His income from the steamship line was \$60,000 a year, and he is reported to have made \$25,000 additional in the insurance agency business. As one of the first Mayors of San Francisco, elected only six months after his arrival in the city, he did excellent work in the cause of civil order and greatly increased his popularity on the Pacific slope. He afterwards removed to New York City, where he soon became a millionaire. For a long time he kept his wealth in ships and real estate. Then afterward he became largely interested in gas companies at New York, Chicago, Baltimore, St. Louis and New Orleans. He was the largest owner of gas property in the world. He bought the Missouri Pacific Railroad and sold it to Jay Gould. Apropos of this good story is related of him. When Mr. Gould found that it was absolutely necessary for him to secure the Missouri Pacific to complete his Southwestern system, he approached Mr. Garrison and asked him how much he would take for his interest. Mr. Garrison named a price, which Mr. Gould said was too high. Mr. Garrison refused to come down a dollar, and Mr. Gould went away in a huff. The next day, however, Mr. Gould called on the Commodore and said he had concluded to take the property. "But I won't sell it to you at the price I named yesterday," said Garrison. "Why not?" said Mr. Gould. "Because it is worth \$500,000 more to-day." "Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Gould, and again went away. The next day he returned and said he would pay the increased price. "Well, the property is worth \$500,000 more to-day than it was yesterday," said Garrison. "I won't pay it," said Mr. Gould angrily. "All right," was the reply. "The price will advance \$500,000 a day while you are making up your mind." Mr. Gould bought the road then and there. This was in 1875. The price paid was \$3,000,000, and the other stockholders were to get pro rata of the purchase money. This they did not receive, and then Mr. Peter Marie and others brought the famous five million suit against Garrison, which is still pending. The Supreme Court declared that "the Commodore" was liable to the stockholders for their proportion of the purchase money. Among the other enterprises in which Commodore Garrison became heavily involved was the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad, which was started to afford an outlet from the coal fields of Western Virginia and Northeastern Ohio to the Northwest. He looked up in this enterprise very nearly \$300,000, which became entirely unproductive. In 1884 New York was startled by the announcement that Garrison, one of the richest men in the country, had made an assignment. In a short time this was being talked about and the subject of newspaper comment all over this continent and in the financial centers of Europe, particularly in London. Mr. Garrison's assignment was made to John T. Terry, the second partner in the firm of E. M. Morgan & Co. The preference in his assignment amounted to more than \$1,000,000. His assets greatly exceeded his liabilities. He owned a house on Park avenue, New York, and a cottage at Long Branch. Much of his time during the latter years of his life he spent at his cottage. He never fully recovered from a paralytic stroke he received a few years ago, and from grief at the death of his son. Garrison was born about the year 1800, on the Hudson River. At an early age his father failed and the boy was thrown upon his resources. At sixteen he went to New York and then to Canada. Success began soon to attend his efforts, as indicated in the foregoing.

THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.

There appears to be a widespread desire on the part of the American people for war between England and Russia. It is not altogether plain why such a thing as bloodshed and destruction of property should be desired by our people. Whether it be from a notion that such a war would be a commercial advantage and make "business better" in this country, or whether it be that there is a desire to read of and talk of battles and sieges, is not material for the purpose of these observations. Whatever may be the foundation of the wish it is certain that it exists. It is expressed by the press, openly in some instances, and between the lines in others. It is talked on 'Change, in waiting depots, in hotel lobbies, on the street, and at the home and fireside. It is safe to say that it is the desire of the majority.

This desire for war is contrary to popular education. The teaching has been that the safety of nations lies in peace, and not in war. The abolition of standing armies and the total destruction of munitions of war have been discussed. The settling of all disputes by arbitration has been widely advocated. These things have been proclaimed by the press, preached from the pulpit, commended in public addresses, put in our text books and taught in our schools. Yet in the face of all this is a prevalent and pronounced desire for war, whereas, according to all our teachings and tenets, the desire should be for peace. This condition of things illustrates the wide divergence between morals taught and professed and morals practiced. To be plain, it illustrates popular selfishness. No matter how loud the professions, when a supposed business advantage lies in a bloody war the professions are smothered. It would seem that the correct teachings have not taken root. Who of us has not seen in the play the heroine evade and finally renounce the wealthy suitor who attempted to control her by the power of money, and seen her cling to and marry the choice of her heart because she loved him? and though they were poor in purse, they were wealthy in affection. And who has not applauded the girl and felt glad at her choice? But are these sentiments practically approved beyond the walls of the theater? Are they practiced in the choosing of a husband for the daughter or in approving the choice of the sister? On the contrary, marriage is in too many instances a compact of financial consideration or other advantage. The spirit which applauded the heroine is often not present. In practical life it is doing no violence to the truth to say that the majority do not observe the sentiment they profess to approve and teach. The saying that virtue is seldom rewarded save in the fifth act of the drama, is not without foundation. There is in our moral code something akin to that of the Greek notion of honesty; that there is no harm in stealing; the only culpability is in being found out. Evil things may be thought and connived at, but they must not be talked openly. Such a condition of a considerable part of the public conscience would seem to be the result of some moral contagion of the time or the latent wickedness of mankind triumphant. If there is a condition of things existing that the majority rejoice in the prospect of a deadly conflict between foreign powers, if that majority is so enslaved by mammon and individual gain as to wish such dire events, it is indeed to be looked on with alarm. There is in it the elements of dissolution and destruction to the Government. What is there to restrain this spirit from plotting war and devastation among our own people, or wishing or plotting mischief to neighbor or friend in the hope of individual gain? Would patriotism even restrain it? It may well be doubted. This hypocrisy of the heart must be an element of great danger and weakness in the Nation. The subject under consideration is a striking illustration of the attitude of the majority and the remnant. The latter, as Matthew Arnold has well said, remains true to its convictions and professions, and in it lies the salvation of governments. The former is true to neither. It temporizes, departs from the right and hopes to profit by the misfortune and disasters of others. The desire for war comes from the majority. The safety of the nation lies with the views of the remnant.

IN AN ARTICLE UPON "SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY."

In the Century Magazine for May, we find the following: "This comity between the sciences, or rather necessary correlation, not only leads to good feeling and mutual respect, but secures a recognition of each other's conclusions. Whatever is true in one must be true in all. Whatever is necessary to the perfection of one can not be ruled out of another. That which is true in man's spiritual life must be true in his social life; and whatever is true in man's social life must not contradict anything in his physical life. We might reverse this, and say that a true physiologist will define the physical man so as to exclude the social man; nor will he so define the social and political man as to shut out the spiritual man; nor will he so define the common humanity as to exclude personality. He will leave a margin for other sciences, whose claims are as valid as those of his own. If, for example, immortality is a necessary co-ordinate of man's moral nature—an evident part of its content—the chemist and physiologist will not set it aside because they find no report of it in their fields. If it is a part of spiritual and moral science, it can not be rejected because it is not found in physical science. So much,

at least, has been gained by the new comity in the sciences—that opinions are respected, and questions that belong to other departments are relegated to them in a scientific spirit."

WAR DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

BY ROB ROY—NO. IV.

(INSCRIBED TO N. J. E.)

In May, 1879, I spent a week in a southern county of Georgia, imitating companions who were fishing. One of our party of eight was a manly young fellow of twenty-three or four from a town in central New York, whom I shall call Graham. Another of about the same age and of much the same admirable qualities was a Georgian, who will be known here as Merritt. These two young men, strangers when they became members of the fishing party, had not been together forty-eight hours before manifesting a strong liking for each other. Both were bright and handsome and well bred, and both caught fish, which, I digress to remark, I did not. The fish does not swim that would swallow a hook I would drop in the water. If there is a snag in the stream, however, my hook is sure to find it, and my line, as my pen does sometimes, is sure to become tangled. So I was not sorry when the week was up and I could escape the gazing of the more fortunate anglers. It had been agreed that Graham, Merritt and I would go together to Savannah when we broke camp, which was on Saturday afternoon. We were driven to the nearest railroad town, where we stopped at the hotel for the night. After supper Graham came to me and said: "Understand our route takes us through Andersonville. Can you conveniently stop there a few hours? My father died in the military prison there, and I would like to see the place." I consented to keep him company, and Merritt coming up just then, agreed that the trio should not be broken, and so at noon on Sunday we stepped from the train at the little station.

Andersonville is an added illustration to hundreds of others before it of the frown of mankind against sites which horrors have made renowned. From the earliest ages, through all the intervening, down to the present, localities storied only for bloodshed and human suffering have been untouched by the hand of architecture. From the plains of ancient Judaea, across the fields of the Alexanders, Ptolemys and Cæsars, over Mount Calvary stained with the Saviour's blood, down to Waterloo and Manassas, population and commerce have shunned places whose pages in history are written in blood or distorted by tales of human agony. Andersonville has grown no larger by even one home since 1865. It will never be more populous.

A half dozen white and twice the number of colored men were lounging on the platform of the rude station house awaiting the train. One of the former, of very pleasant address, approached us with a half welcoming, half inquisitive speech. Upon being told our mission he invited us to his home, proffering that after we had dined with him, he would accompany us to the National Cemetery grounds. He was the physician for the country around. His family being from home he apologized for whatever disarrangement we should find his home in. When we had dined and gone to the sheltered porch for a smoke before walking to the cemetery, our host remarked: "This house, gentlemen, was the house of Wirtz. It was in that room," pointing to the east front, "that he was arrested by Federal soldiers to be taken to Washington for trial and execution."

At this juncture there were two arrivals at the gate—one an old gentleman walking, the other a colored boy on a mule, which was in a latter of perspiration. The boy was the bearer of a note requesting the Doctor's speedy presence at the bedside of a lady several miles distant, who had been suddenly taken ill. Our host only took time to word regrets at having to leave us, and to introduce us to the old gentleman who had joined the group, before hurrying away to the lot for his horse. As he cantered past the gate he requested the new-comer to accompany us on our proposed walk.

"Yes," said the old man, in answer to a question, while lighting a cigar that had been handed him, "yes, I was here during the war. Did I know Wirtz? Very well. A hundred times I've been with him on this porch as I am with you now. He always sat over there where he might look toward the stockade. Here he would repose in the shade at midday, with no indication of sympathy for the thirty odd thousand men huddled together in the prison pen with no shelter from the broiling sun."

"What did I think of Wirtz? Why, that he was a natural born fend. He was the incarnation of cruelty. The men constituting the prison guard experienced this no less than the prisoners themselves. They detested him to a man, and he knew they did. He became uneasy lest some of them might kill him, and for a long while kept a strong guard about his house at night."

"He deserved his fate? Yes, and a worse one, if there could be worse. I remember well the day the news came of his execution. There were, maybe, twenty down yonder at the station—some of them our men who had been paroled and returned home. There wasn't one to say he felt sorry for him."

A walk of half a mile brought us to the entrance of the National Cemetery, which is half that distance north of the old prison pen. Just within the gate stands a tall flag pole, from the top of which the National banner floated in the breeze, considerably above the tall, long leaf pines near it. On a mound encircling the base of the flag pole several cannon lay, their huge muzzles yawning at approaching visitors. Just to the left of the entrance, within the grounds, is the home of the keeper of the cemetery, a Captain of the regular army. We found him obliging, and enjoyed his escort along the streets of the city of the dead, bordered by evergreen oaks and weeping willows, with their mourning veils of leaves. Rose bushes, too, and cape jasmines margin the squares occupied by the charnel-houses, with head boards and shafts rising as chimney and steeples above their tiled roofs. More than 13,000 soldiers of the Union are resting within this walled city, nestling in the forest of pines, the lofty branches of which, with the coughing and sighing of the breezes through them, are ever singing a requiem over the dead.

Graham and Merritt were walking side by

side slightly in advance of the others of us. An inscription on a head-stone near the walk caused the former to stop. As he read he uncovered his head and an expression of sadness came to his face. Pointing his companion to it he said: "He belonged to my father's regiment; they died here in prison on the same day." Merritt drew a step nearer him. "You lost your father here?" he said. "Yes; he was Colonel of that regiment," again pointing to the slab. Merritt removed his hat, looked at the other for an instant, and then taking his right hand, softly said: "My friend, we have been alike unfortunate. My father led a Confederate regiment and fell at the second Manassas—shot through the heart." They stood thus, their hands joined, looking each in the face, while I looked on both. After a moment Merritt withdrew his hand. A small bouquet was placed over his breast. He bowed it, and walking to the head-stone: "In honor of your father's comrade," he said, and laid the dowers upon it.

The son of the Union soldier who died in the prison and the son of the Confederate soldier who fell in battle walked out of the National Cemetery arm-in-arm—friends.

What a trait it is to meet gray hairs accompanied by cheerfulness, faithful memory and a ready tongue. The old gentleman at my side as we sauntered through the woods southward from the cemetery is a walking encyclopedia of occurrences of the war. Hidden from the world's sight, with only dull neighbors and ignorant colored laborers to communicate with, he yet possesses a store of information, an eloquence of diction and delivery and a dignity and gracefulness of address which equip him to sit with men of letters, politics or affairs.

Coming out of the woods into a small field of young cotton, the old gentleman paused and told us we were standing on ground that was a part of the old prison pen. There was no sign at this point of ditch or stockade. The field was freshly plowed and the growing plants green and strong. The crop was that of a colored man, whose home we might have guessed was near from the voices of negroes singing that floated to us through the copse of young pines to our right. Graham temporarily forgot the historic interest of the spot to listen to the rich melody and eccentric beating of time by the scores of singers. Walking across the little field we came to a ravine and the spot where "Provide ye spring" had spouted up its waters into the prison with a suddenness causing the prisoners to deem it a miracle wrought by Heaven in their behalf. Still strolling on we reached where had been the entrance to the stockade. The cabin whence the singing proceeded was not a hundred yards distant, and so enjoyable was the sound of it that we involuntarily ceased conversation to drink it in.

"You think that worth listening to," said our venerable elder, when the song was ended; "but not quite fifteen years ago I heard, just where we now are, a grander song—the noblest burst of vocal melody that ever fell on mortal ear."

We asked that he tell of the occasion. We seated ourselves upon a fallen tree, but the old gentleman remained standing before us, cane and hat in hand.

"It was a chorus of more than thirty thousand throats within the stockade, there, celebrating the 4th of July, 1864. It was under circumstances such—but let me explain the circumstances."

He placed his hat upon a stump near him and transferred his cane to his left hand.

"On the first day of July, 1864," he resumed, "there were nearly 34,000 prisoners confined here. The weather, excessively hot, was producing much summer sickness among the soldiery guarding the prison. The latter was largely composed of Georgia State troops from the northern counties. To remove both from the region of their homes the militia of the southern counties were taken to Atlanta and that of the mountain section assigned to duty at Andersonville and other southern points. So prevalent became malarial illness among the latter and so often was it fatal that they became demoralized. Add to this source of uneasiness the steady advance of Sherman's army, desolating the homes of many of them and leaving their families without bread. Such was the anxiety of these men that by the last of July the guard had become smartly decimated by desertions. On the nights of the 1st and 2d over 300 desertions were added. One entire company marched off, rank and file, taking their arms with them. Wirtz's inhumanity toward them lent an additional sense of self-justification for their action. This declaration of the guard had, by the 3d, become a serious affair to the commander of the post, and when at night fall Wirtz became suspicious that the prisoners had gotten wind of the situation and might be planning a break for liberty, he telegraphed General Cobb, Commander of the Third Military District, with headquarters at Macon, for reinforcements. But Cobb had none to send, and could only promise to come in person."

"The following morning, the 4th of July, discovered yet further diminution of our force. I went on guard mount at 9 o'clock. My position was at the top of the stockade wall; about there, pointing a little to the right of where had been the entrance. The scene within the prison was somewhat unusual. Here and there groups would form and hold undertone conversations. Witnessing this, Wirtz grew yet more uneasy and ordered all his forces under arms."

"A little after 11 o'clock Captain Wirtz and General Winder, with a small escort, walked to the station. A few minutes later a lone locomotive came steaming through the pines from the direction of Macon, from which, when it drew up at the depot, stepped General Cobb and two officers of his staff. There was a few minutes of conversation between them and Wirtz and Winder, and then the party, with the escort, marched toward the stockade."

"While Wirtz was forming the troops of the post into a hollow square, facing to the center, General Cobb and staff stood with Winder in the shade of yonder tree. Looking at Howell Cobb, I remembered his having been Secretary of War of the United States. It was evident he was going to speak, and I was glad that my station was near enough to hear him. It was about five minutes before 12 noon, when, accompanied by his staff, Wirtz and Winder, he walked to the center of the square and,

with Wirtz's assistance, stepped upon the large stump you see there. "Soldiers of the Confederate States," he began; "What news is this that has been borne to your district commander from the commandant of this post? Can it be possible that soldiers of the South—Georgians—have been guilty of desertion—of abandoning the duty assigned them of guarding yonder horde of vandals, whom your more valorous brothers in arms have captured upon many a well-fought field?" "At this instant, 12 o'clock, from the center of the prison pen was heard a sound of song. Turning my eyes in that direction, I saw that several thousand men had congregated, while others were hastening toward the assembly. Perhaps not more than fifty voices were sounding the first verse of the familiar anthem. The speaker outside was continuing expressions of astonishment at what he had heard, when the chorus was reached, and with detonations like an explosion 5,000 voices pealed: "The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" "The song-burst had startled the speaker or drowned his utterance, for he had suddenly stopped and turned his face toward it. When it had ceased, and only a few score voices were singing the second stanza, he commanded Wirtz: "Go stop that noise!" Wirtz hastened away and Howell Cobb resumed: "Would you see that horde turned loose within your State, to pillage and burn your homes, with your wives, sisters and daughters at their mercy?" "The verse was sung and the chorus reached again. The congregation numbered 10,000 more than before. Heavens! what a swell of sound! The very air seemed to quiver with the concussion—the stockade wall to tremble. The guards on mount were stunned with wonderment. Wirtz, who had reached the great gate, stood stock still as if paralyzed. The soldiers forming the square were all now facing the prison."

"The storm lulled, the speaker sought to resume, but his manner was disconcerted. Wirtz was moving nervously about but saying nothing. They heard the breeze of song sweeping the lines of the third stanza, but knew it only foreboded the return of the tempest. And now it comes: The star-spangled banner—

"There are twenty thousand throats swelling the call of the pennant under the flag they had fought, and five thousand more joined in the invocation

—O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"The echo of the last word has but struck the branches of the pines, when they begin to repeat. Higher, wider, deeper, stronger, louder, the swell! It peals—it roars—it booms—it thunders! It is an artillery of song! The speaker outside stands transfixed. He has heard the anthem before, but never as now. Perhaps it is reminding him of the high position he but lately held under the flag it defies. The listeners appear almost panicked. A guardman's gun drops from his hands without his misgiving."

"Again they repeat, and now the scene grows wild. Thirty thousand voices are clanging the chorus—thirty thousand voices swelling with thought of country and flag and home and loved ones from whom they are parted. Men with but one leg clamber up, and, supporting by their stronger comrades, wave their caps aloft and join the chorus: The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Once more they repeat, and now all the prison is in the sky-reading peal—the very walls, the ground, poor, fever-wasted frames, within an hour of dissolution from their spirits, half paralytic and propping upon one hand raise the withered fingers of the other aloft while they unite their cracked voices in the refrain they will hear never more."

The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

On the northern, western and southern sides of the old prison grounds there was scarcely any trace remaining of moat or wall. Over at the eastern side, which was the rear of the inclosure, we found a few scattering stockade timbers, none entirely erect, but still standing. In the shadows of the twilight they towered grim reminders of an unhappy past. Many of their fellows had fallen and been used for fuel by the colored people whose homes were near. But here there remained, fit emblems of a few old burroughs of the South and our radical Republicans of the North, whose only mission in the Republic appears to be to keep alive memories of and sentimental feelings over the civil war. I mentioned what they suggested to me when Graham said to Merritt: "Let's overthrow the radicals and burroughs." Graham selected one and Merritt another, and in a moment the two old timbers, rotten at their base, were thrown to the ground. Each of the young men had laid out three of the fanatics when Graham assailed the only remaining one. He pushed it with his hands; it wavered, but did not yield. He put a shoulder to it and bucked against it, but without success. "He is a tough old political lion," said Merritt; "but let us see what the South and North united can do."

"That is good," Graham responded with a laugh. "Both together now—one, two, three," and the old timber fell to the earth.

The Engineer was injured.

It seems that Lew Thomas, engineer on the Big Four engine which was so badly smashed up Friday evening, a few miles north of the city, by reason of a broken connecting rod, was badly, though not fatally injured. The broken rod struck the cab and a piece of the seat struck Thomas, knocking him senseless. The steam had begun to pour in on him, and had it not been for his friend he would have been scalded to death. As it was, the fireman had hard work to remove a heavy piece which had fallen upon the engineer. This done, the wounded man was dragged back into the tender, restored to consciousness and brought on to the city, when he was removed to his residence, 231 Virginia avenue. He will not be able to resume his work for several days.

Settled.

A compromise has been reached by the School Commissioners and Peter Routier on his claim for extra work on the new High School building. The structure cost about \$50,000, and is satisfactory in every respect.

Lucky Alexander.

The rifle for the elegant Sharp's rifle came off at Henry Smith's last night, and was won by the general Henry himself, who presented it to Dr. A. M. Alexander, recognizing in him the champion rifle shot of the State.

SEEKING LAURELS.

The Richardson Zouaves and Light Artillery Leave for Mobile.

The Richardson Zouaves and Light Artillery left at 9:45 yesterday afternoon for Mobile, Ala., to participate in the prize drill tournament in that city. Some of the best drilled zouaves were compelled to forego the trip on account of business engagements, and as a consequence the company did not feel very sanguine of success. The artillery, on the contrary, were confident of bringing home a prize. The competition promises to be very sharp, there being seven or eight companies contesting in the artillery free-for-all and about a dozen in the light infantry free-for-all. The following are the rosters of the two companies:

THE ZOUAVE DRILL TEAM.

Captain—R. A. Richardson.

First Lieutenant—C. H. McGraw.

Second Lieutenant—Frank Helm.

Right Guide—Paul Chasin.

Left Guide—Campbell Cobb.

Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates—Russell Eckman, Charles Foster, Louis Irvine, Henry Lee, C. E. Manning, George E. Hootch, Nate Robinson, E. E. Riemann, W. C. Schreiber, Harry Elder, et al.

H. W. Overman, Walter Parsell, Ed Sulgrove, George F. Schaefer, Laura Sprinkle, Will Turner, Clyde Roache, Frank Robinson, William Frank, J. Vinton, Frank L. Watson, Harry White, Frank Wallick and Rollin D. Williams.

The company is accompanied by Rev. J. H. McConnell, R. D. pastor of Roberts Park Church, as Chaplain, Dr. J. H. McConnell, Dr. J. H. McConnell and a number of other friends, including several ladies.

ARTILLERY DRILL TEAM.

Captain—J. B. Curtis.

Corporals—W. G. Bodenheimer, Will Laycock, Murphy, Charles Foster, John Holmes, Oliver Murphy, Edward Draper, Charles Draper, Frederick Friedrich, Deane McAllister, Alack Balfour, W. C. Myers, J. A. Anderson, W. J. Strickland, F. M. Sheldone, E. Thompson, Harry Persie, Thomas Christian, James Howell and W. G. Malville.

The battery is accompanied in their special car by Lieutenant Ernest Kitz, Lieutenant C. L. De Witt, Lieutenant J. J. McKee and Mr. Robert J. McKee.

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCULAR.

Referring to Parties Who Declaim Any Knowledge of the Organization.

It appears that certain parties are sending out circulars recommending the "State Building and Loan Association," setting forth the advantages enjoyed by holders of stock, and placing the capital at \$2,000,000.

In the body of the circular Messrs. Wallace & Munson are frequently referred to as the managers of the association, but in no case is the first name of either of these gentlemen given, nor any reference made to the headquarters of the association which they purport to represent. As an evidence of